

## Final Polishing Touches Put On Inter Year Plays

Convocation Hall Now the Scene of Varying Histrionic Activities—  
Mystery, Comedy, and Suspense Fast in the Making  
—Dec. 5 is Night of Nights

The entertainment for the Inter-year Dramatic Competition this year smacks of Offenbach, Verne and Playfair. The audience are borne rapidly from ancient Pontus to India and thence to the Old Country and from the far off heroic days, with an intervening glimpse of the middle nineteenth century, up to the present times. And this is no drawback either for, with the directors hard at work on the production of the atmosphere of their plays, there can be little doubt but that the spectators on December 5th will be transported right close up to the scenes they see before them and will not have a chance of viewing them from a distant, misleading angle.

And now W. W. Jacobs, Austin Strong, Miss J. Murfin and Julian Thompson reign supreme on Convocation stage. And with them come the attendant multitude of denouements, climaxes and ironies, laughs, thrills and dramatic moments which are their special creations. It is not always intellectual remarks and lofty diction which make or mar a play.

When W. W. Jacobs produced "The Monkey's Paw" he not only wrote something very far removed from his usual type, but also he made a great play. It works smoothly right up from the beginning to the end and the climax, if so be expected, provides a thrill of extraordinary power. The cast is small, and the leads have a whole lot of work to do, but Miss Nona Nicholls and Mr. Cyril Pyrez are developing these roles with high-grade efficiency. The supporting characters are also going right ahead, and the production promises to be one of the best in years.

The Junior selection, "The Drums of Oude," is a drama of the real, gripping sort. Moreover, the crude element, which might so easily enter into a play like this, is cleverly avoided throughout. Austin Strong proved himself a master of effect in writing this play—tense dramatic effect, portrayed perhaps more in action than in words. And yet, at times, in the midst of all this, there do occur words which, in philosophy, remind us even of one of Rose Macaulay's queer, little complexes. The cast is very strong. Miss Gwen Pharis, according to The Gateway of November 20th, "has hitherto had her light of dramatic ability under a bushel." Well, it was sure a monster bushel to hide a light like that! Miss Pharis and Chris Jackson play opposite leads, but the supporting characters have a big amount of responsibility in the assuring of the success of this play. Under Director George Hamilton, they are not wasting any time, but forging on with the business, and promise to give us great entertainment on Friday week. "Prince Gaby" is an adaptation of Miss Jane Murfin of Edgar Wallace's short story "The Talkative Burglar." Miss Murfin has achieved this adaptation without losing one

jot of the Wallace atmosphere, and herein lies the secret of success in producing the piece. Mr. Wallace relies entirely on words for the effectiveness of his writings: he revels in paradoxes and apothegms at every possible opportunity; he revels in paradoxes and his works resemble in a figurative sense little ranges of mountains which have peaks or climaxes all along the line. Thus do we expect all manner of unexpected twists and turns in this show. It has only a small cast which has been carefully selected and which, under the dual directorship of Messrs. Farrell and McKillican, is getting right down to work. This show will provide something widely different from those of the other years. Miss Priscilla Hammond plays Mrs. Millicent Canton opposite Mr. T. Byrne, who sustains the role of Mr. Canton. Mr. J. Farrell gives an excellent performance as the central and intriguing figure, the Burglar, Prince Gaby.

The Freshmen are putting on Julian Thompson's "The Warrior's Husband," a real farce. It puts us in mind of the similar play, "The Aulis Difficulty," and also of the Revue Director's conception of Nero Fiddling while Rome Burns. The cast which numbers twelve is filled by actors and actresses who fit the characters they play perfectly. There is a whole lot of action in this portrayal of mythological days and rehearsals have now reached that stage when the director can concentrate on detail and the emphasizing of those little points which leave just something to the imagination of the audience, but which mean such a lot in the success of a farce. In this production alone of the four inter-year shows are the girls in the majority; eight of them to four boys. Ethel Miller and George Poole play opposite, as do Margaret Craig and Lewis Thomas. The remainder of the speaking parts are taken up by R. Berkoff, L. Kunelius and, among the girls, V. Haddigan and B. Carscallen. The whole cast is full of pep, a most essential adjunct to the presentation of a production of this nature.

### THE ALUMNI BALL

Wilbur Bowker, of Bowker, Bowker and Bowker, lumber moguls, Ponoka: "It was the best dance I ever attended."

R. W. "Whistlebloom" Hamilton, Certified Public Accountant: "It was the best dance I ever attended—sober."

K. W. "Scoop" Conibear, Heels Fraternity man and Bubbling Philosopher: "It was the best dance I ever attended—sober or not."

L. L. "Snitz" Alexander, Gateway Editor: "It was the best dance I ever missed—sober or not sober."

Dennis "Dinty" Healy, non-member of the Heels Fraternity: "It was the best dance I ever attended—not sober or sober."

## Academy of Medicine Presents Statuette to the University

Distinguished Gathering Meets in Medical Building

This very important function, the presentation by Dr. R. G. Douglas on behalf of the Edmonton Academy of Medicine of Dr. Tait McKenzie's exquisite bronze statuette, "The Athlete," to Dr. R. C. Wallace for the University, took place at 8:30 p.m. on Wednesday, November 20th, in the Medical Building, Room 158.

The bronze, a truly magnificent work of art, about 18 inches high, but beautifully proportioned throughout, was placed on a small draped dais in the centre of the desk, its wonderful lines being admirably accentuated against the blue plush cover behind it by the rays of a powerful flood light.

The presentation was carried out before a most distinguished gathering, the President, Dr. R. G. Douglas, opening the proceedings by calling upon Dr. H. Jamieson, Associate of Medicine of the University, for the first paper of the evening, on the life of Dr. Tait McKenzie.

**Life of Tait McKenzie**  
Dr. Jamieson opened by coupling the name of Tait McKenzie with two other noted men of the medical and athletic world, Colonel McCrae, who perhaps may best be remembered by his famous Armistice Poem, and Dr. J. Naismith, who was the inventor of the game of basketball. Continuing, the lecturer stated that Tait McKenzie was born at Almont, Ontario, on the 26th of May, 1867. His father, minister at Almont, died when his son had reached the age of 9 years, leaving four children. Tait McKenzie's first teacher was a blacksmith, but after a time proceeded to Almont High School, then under the principalship of F. C. Macgregor, and thence to the Ottawa Military Institute. In 1885, at the age of 18, he entered the Faculty of Medicine at McGill.

Curiously enough he spent his first two summers while connected with McGill, with surveying parties operating in Southern Alberta. During his second year he took the All-round Athletic Championship, and the next year secured an intercollegiate high jump record. In 1891 he was appointed Assistant Gym Instructor to Dr. Naismith at McGill, and, the latter retiring in 1892, became director. In 1894 he became Medical Director of Physical Education, the first time an office of this kind was instituted. He practised medicine in Montreal in 1896, but did not start modelling until he was at Pennsylvania University, where he produced "The Sprinter" and "The Athlete," both works of such merit as to stamp him as one of the most prominent sculptors of modern days.

**Classical Sculpture**  
The next paper, on "Classical Sculpture," was read by Professor Burgess of the University. The professor began by pointing out in the inevitability of all discussions on art eventually reverting to the topic of Greek art. The Science, Astronomy and Philosophy of the Greeks might be more in concepts of the future than the present. In spite of the more worldly failings of the Greeks, their mental and physical sensibilities on philosophical and artistic matters was greater than they themselves could believe. They were not born great, however; they achieved greatness. Primarily they were mercenary fighting men and afterwards traders, and these vocations aided them materially in the study of man and human nature. Their artistic school was the Potter's Shop, for they started modelling vessels in clay long before they

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## MAUDE RILEY WINS I.O.D.E. SCHOLARSHIP

Popular Graduate Obtains Coveted Overseas Award

Honor has again come to a student in our midst. Miss Harriet Maude Riley has been awarded the Post-Graduate Overseas Scholarship for 1931 of the National War Memorial Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire for Alberta. This is awarded for general proficiency throughout the university career.

Miss Riley is a resident of Calgary, a daughter of Captain and Mrs. Harold W. Riley. She graduated from the University of Alberta in 1930, taking her Arts degree, and is at present enrolled here in the School of Education. In her fourth year Arts Miss Riley obtained first-class general standing and received Le Club La Verendrye Gold Medal in French and Le Ministere Des Affaires Etrangeres Bronze Medal in French. Miss Riley plans to proceed to Oxford in 1931 to continue her studies in French and English.

The committee which awarded the scholarship was composed of Dr. R. C. Wallace, Mr. A. E. Ottewill, Mrs. R. C. Marshall, provincial president of the I.O.D.E., Mrs. J. C. Noel of Calgary, provincial educational secretary, and Mrs. C. T. Woodside of Calgary.

Miss Riley's many friends at the University join us in wishing continued success to one well worthy of this honor.

## BRILLIANT STUDENT



MAUDE RILEY

Who has won the I.O.D.E. Scholarship for this year. This is a distinguished honor, as a high academic standing is required.

### INTER-YEAR PLAYS

Tickets on sale basement of Arts, Monday, December 1st, 9:30. Reserved 75c and 50c, rush 25c.

## Medicine In Service of Man Subject of Exchange Lecture

Dr. Wm. Boyd, Department of Pathology, University of Manitoba, Delivers Interesting Lecture—Use of Medicine in Removing Undesirable Growths, Aiding Body to Fight Disease, Preventing Disease Discussed

This morning at 10:30 in Convocation Hall, Dr. William Boyd, Department of Pathology, University of Manitoba, delivered an exchange lecture on "Medicine in the Service of Man." The speaker, introduced by Dr. R. C. Wallace, received much applause on conclusion of his interesting lecture.

Dr. Boyd considered his subject from three standpoints. First, the use of medicine in removing undesirable substances from the body. Second, medicine's place in aiding the body to fight disease. Third, prevention of disease.

Great advances have been made in surgery since the introduction of anaesthetics. Previous to the advent of chloroform, it was exceedingly difficult to operate.

Bacterial spread of disease became known as a result of the work of Pasteur and Lord Lister. The paucity of medicinal knowledge was so great at one time that a patient entering Edinburgh Hospital was required to deposit a sum to defray funeral charges.

Medical diagnosis reveals those undesirable quantities (tumors, etc.), which require removal. In this connection, X-rays have become very important, in fact they are indispensable.

Medicine, in fighting disease, has to prevent bacteria formation and spreading. Antitoxin has been produced to overcome several diseases, particularly diphtheria. It was thought that antitoxin serums might be produced to prevent all diseases, but the unforeseen technical difficulties involved precluded such a result.

Malaria is treated with quinine. Diabetes is treated with insulin. Serums have been gradually increasing in medicinal importance in the last few years. Prevention is better than cure even yet, though less dramatic. Smallpox might be wholly eliminated by universal vaccination. In the years of the Spanish-Typhoid fever was once very prevalent. American war, typhoid killed one in five. In the Great War, typhoid was negligible.

The dread disease of the tropics, yellow fever, has made those portions of the world that lie within the tropic zone next to uninhabitable, stated Dr. Boyd, and pointed out as an example of this that on the island of St. Lucien, 1,400 soldiers out of 1,500 died of this awful malady. In 1898 Col. Gorgas was sent out to Havana to stamp out the fever, but on his arrival he discovered that the disease had died out with the emigration of the Spaniards from that island, as it is a disease that attacks mainly visitors, the natives being immune from it.

Col. Gorgas cleaned the city, thinking to destroy the germ entirely, but it was of no use. It attacked his party, and spread rapidly. The Reed Commission was appointed to ferret out the method in which the disease spread, and how to combat it. It had been pointed out that the mosquito spread malaria, and Reed thought that in every probability, yellow fever could be attributed to the same cause. Carroll and Lazear volunteered to submit to the test, and Carroll recovered, while Lazear died. Col. Gorgas was still unconvinced that the mosquito spread the fever, but conclusive tests proved otherwise. One variety of mosquito carries the germs, and only in places inhabited by man.

They lived in flower pots, pitchers, vases, etc., and Gorgas, having listed all the utensils in the city, hit upon an expedient for exterminating the insects before they were fully developed. Since 1905 there has been no fever in Havana.

In 1904 Gorgas went sent to Panama, and due to his work the death rate, which was considerable in the canal zone, is now only 6 in every 1,000, as compared with 14 to the thousand in the whole of the United States in 1914. While ill in the hospital in London, Col. Gorgas was presented with the insignia Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George by His Majesty the King. On his death Col. Gorgas was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral with the honors accorded generals.

## "BREATH OF LIFE" SUBJECT OF LECTURE

Philosoph Hears Interesting Lecture by Dr. Hunter

"The Breath of Life" was the subject taken by Dr. Hunter for his address to the Philosophical Society in Med 142 on Wednesday evening. There was a good crowd out, a fact that would lead one to believe that people are still interested in Life, even in this workaday world.

In beginning, Dr. Hunter said that he proposed to look at the subject from two different angles—the one being that of the scientist, the other that of the philosopher. The scientist regards the body as a machine because it functions as a machine in its more tangible aspects. An inanimate machine can make use of most unions of carbon and hydrogen as fuel, but the body is restricted to such forms as fats and alcohols, etc. From the time these fuels are taken into the body they follow very definite rules until they are given off in the form of carbon dioxide and waste matter. The scientist is working to find out as much as possible about the mechanical operations of the body, but as yet he has found not even a vestige of an explanation of the beginning of life or how to create life from inanimate matter.

The scientist works with the tangible things of the body, the philosopher works with intangible things that are hard to prove. There is a great misunderstanding between the scientist and the philosopher, but the misunderstanding is being patched up with a spirit of give and take. Evolution of the mind is very slow if it takes place at all. The only difference between us and the people who lived 10,000 years ago is education in its broadest sense. The mind of a child is very plastic, and may be molded into a great many different forms if we know how to do it. The mind needs exercise if it is to develop to its fullest extent. It must come in contact with ideas and challenge them vigorously. We applaud our football heroes—why shouldn't we applaud our mental giants just as much?

We may theorize about what the "breath of life" is, but scientist and philosopher alike must frankly admit that they do not know what takes the human body out of the category of machines and puts it in a class by itself.

## Alberta Debaters Win Unanimous Decision

Priestley and Sigler in Rare Form to Win—House Vote Gave Visitors Decision by Majority of One—Judges Unanimous For U. of A.

Wit, brilliant repartee and good solid reasoning featured the Imperial debate held in the Pantages Theatre last Friday night, when "Felp" Priestley and Dave Sigler met H. Trevor Lloyd and John Mitchell, members of the Old Country debating team at present touring Canada. The University Orchestra, under the direction of Mrs. J. B. Carmichael, opened the evening with a very fine rendering of "Hungarian Lustspiel" of Kéler Béla. Dr. Wallace introduced the speakers, and at 9 o'clock the debate on "Resolved that this House favors a Dictatorship" began. The visitors had the Affirmative, while the local team supported the Negative.

Mr. Lloyd, in opening the debate for the Affirmative, pointed out that while Canadians might not favor a Dictatorship, they had sent several Dictators to the Old Land, among them being Bonar Law, Lord Beaverbrook, and possibly R. B. Bennett. He continued: Great leaders do not arise in times of good weather, but in bad. And Democracy, in recent years, has failed to produce the required leaders. Democracy has failed because the mass of the people is incoherent and does not know from one minute till the next what it wants. A man cannot be elected from a group of people to represent that group. He has not the learning, nor has he, in the short time that he is their representative, the time to learn how to govern in the best way. The real controllers of the nation are not those people who are elected, but the permanent officials who are appointed. Popular parliament is an encumbrance that does not function as it was designed to function. Those who rule us will not tell us who they are. A few years ago the Governor of the Bank of England went to Australia to outline a policy. And this is happening all over the world. The bankers are ruling us, and we are subject to the dictatorship of Capital. It is not to the mob that one must look for salvation, but to the educated people such as university men and women. Democracy has failed, and, speaking seriously, the time has arrived for a change—and that change must take the form of a Dictatorship.

Mr. Sigler took up the argument for the Negative, and began by asking his opponent how it was that one man could represent the whole nation when he could not represent a small group. He pointed out that the subject of discussion was not the decadence of Democracy, but that the Affirmative had undertaken to show that a dictatorship would give the greatest good to the greatest number, permanently, more efficiently than any other form of government. By greatest good is not meant the greatest economic good, necessarily, but finer things—the things that really make life worth while. And under the dictatorship there is a loss of liberty, of free speech, of freedom of the press, of individuality, and the loss of these finer things do not tend to increase the greatest good. A small but powerful group, if properly organized, can seize power, because there is no organized resistance to their efforts. And their work may bring order out of the chaos, but it will not last because there is no continuity to a dictatorship. And so the dictator brings the country out of chaos to plunge it back into chaos when he dies. Dictatorships are built on force. Mussolini says, "The dictatorship governs for all, over all, and if necessary, against all." Force is the vice of the dictatorship. There is suppression, but no expression. A dictatorship cannot use gentle means to suppress criticism. Free speech—the right of all people—will be gone; the press will be gagged and used as a means of spreading propaganda. The University will be carefully watched, and if necessary those parts which are liable to endanger the life of the dictatorship will be suppressed. The open mind under the dictatorship does not exist. Trials are biased and justice sleeps or is dead. And this is the kind of government that our friends to the right would have come in and take the place of

democracy—and they ask you to support it!

Mr. John Mitchell, the second speaker for the Affirmative, was the really humorous boy of the evening. He had many pointed jokes and he brought them all out and put them on display. He said that Canada was perturbed because she did not know where her next dictator was coming from. Mr. Priestley and Mr. Sigler are the only ones who think that democracy is a good thing. Democracy would be all right if all men were equal, but they are not, and therefore democracy, since it presupposes that all men are equal, is a fallacy. France in 1926 and 1927 had seven finance ministers. There was chaos and indecision. If they had had a dictator, there would have been a single voice in the government, and consequently, conciseness and power.

Mr. Priestley brought up his heavy artillery of reason and his light skirmish weapons of wit and repartee and proceeded to wreck the arguments of the visitors. He said in part: "I don't know why Mr. Sigler was so good as to take only good dictatorships when he was speaking of them, for he was too generous. Most dictatorships are not good, and when the gentlemen on my right can show us where we can always get good dictatorships, then I'll get the perfect democracy from the same place. The dictator is subject only to his conscience and his whims. This is too frail a rod to lean on if one expects to have good government arise out of the dictatorship. Force is the maker and also the unmaker of dictators, and on the same thing the dictator must rely to maintain his office. Dictatorship is a one-man government—what do the other brains do? How are they trained to succeed to the place of the dictator when he dies? The dictator must look out for rivals, and he must maintain his place by maintaining his popularity, but later when things quiet down, he must look around for other means. And rattling the national sword is a favorite means—Mussolini is using that means today. Mark Twain has said: "Without doubt, dictatorship is the best form of government, but the dictator must be omniscient, omniscient and immortal—and from whence comes such a man?"

Mr. Sigler led in the rebuttals, saying there was a difference in the force used in democracy and in a dictatorship. The force used in a democracy is assented to by the people, while in a dictatorship it must be constantly in opposition to the people. Mr. Mitchell ridiculed the idea that Mark Twain should be taken as an authority on the subject of dictatorships. And Mr. Priestley replied in a few moments that it shouldn't be too hard for Mr. Mitchell to take Mark Twain seriously, when he expected the audience to take him seriously. Mr. Priestley also pointed out that during the whole debate the Affirmative had forgotten that they had something to prove and had tried to shift the burden of proof to the shoulders of the other side, and in their zealousness to do this they had forgotten to build up a case for themselves. Mr. Lloyd, in closing the case for the Affirmative, said that he was under the impression that he and Mr. Mitchell had made some points, and advised that in future a bell be used to wake Mr. Priestley when his opponents made an argument.

While the judges, Hon. Mr. Justice Hyndman, Rev. Dr. T. H. Mitchell, A. B. Watt, Esq., H. M. E. Evans, Esq., and H. R. Milner, K.C., were making their decision, the University Orchestra played "The Three Musketeers" by Rudolf Friml. While the Orchestra was playing, the ushers took up a vote in the house. In a few minutes, the debaters and Dr. Wallace came back on the platform, and Dr. Wallace announced that the judges had given their decision unanimously in favor of the Negative. The house vote had shown 242 for the Affirmative and 241 for the Negative. Prolonged applause greeted the announcement of the result.

## REFERENDUM RESULTS

The results of the Gymnasium Referendum held Friday and Saturday of last week on the question, "Are you in favour of a student financed gymnasium as outlined in The Gateway of November 14," were as follows:

Yes .....	357
No .....	789
Spoiled Ballots .....	4
Total Vote.....	1150

The project is therefore defeated.

R. W. ADSHEAD, Returning Officer.

A special feature of the referendum was the large proportion of the members of the Students' Union voting, the total vote being 1,150 in a membership of 1,250.





## THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper Published Weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta.

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## GYMNASIUM REFERENDUM

Whatever one's personal viewpoint of the matter may have been, the results of last week's gymnasium referendum should bring a certain satisfaction. The extraordinarily large total vote is the best possible indication of the interest of the students in the matter, and affords ample proof that a good representative vote may be obtained when the issue at stake is of sufficient interest. The great majority piled up against the proposition at least gives satisfactory evidence that the greater number of students here most emphatically do not want a gymnasium as outlined in The Gateway of November 14. Since the vote was upon a single proposition only the Council is free if it chooses to proceed with investigation of other schemes. The very emphatic vote, however, would seem to show that, for the present at least, any proposal involving student financing would be doomed to a heavy defeat.

## WAR AND DEGENERATION

It is distinctly encouraging to find that even literary works of the fantastic variety advocate, directly or indirectly, methods for race improvement, and the abolishing of war. A particular instance is to be found in perusing "Amazing Stories" (Winter quarterly edition, 1929.)

In a story entitled "What the Sodium Lines Revealed," we have one of the foremost characters (a gigantic ant of high intelligence, living on a remote world) asking of a visitor from our planet:

"By the way, what is Earth doing to keep its unfit from degenerating the race? Such a step is, I would say, the first from a state of the savage."

In regard to war:

"I suppose, however, that you have one sensible trait. You wage these bloody relics of barbarism, called wars, in order to get rid of your unfit?" In answer, the visitor from Earth says: "No, we only send the best to war." The scorn of the superior intellect is reflected in:

"What a childish make-up your race must have! No wonder we have noted a great falling off in physical and mental ability in the last two thousand years."

These comments on the necessity for directed evolution and the waste of human material by war are in keeping with the highest aims of the League of Nations. If, in pursuance of the directed evolution policy, the mentally unfit should be sent to a seemingly destined war, how disconcerting it would be for those statesmen responsible for the war to find themselves in such congenial company, if forced to fight the battles of their own making, as now suggested! We could enjoy such a war.

—G. N. I.

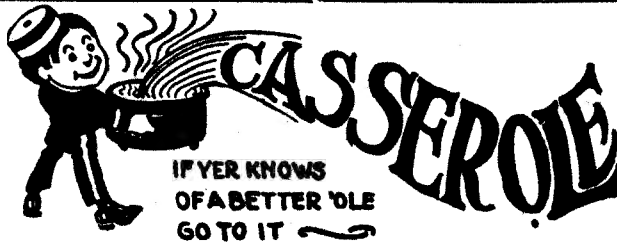
## "PROSPERITY"

Not very long ago the Republican party, which has governed the United States for many years, came as near defeat as a party could come and yet remain nominally in power. However, the Republicans seem to have very little really to worry about, for some of the leading lights of the Democratic party have announced that they will not be "obstructive" and will not countenance "dangerous legislation," thus proving that, as has been so often said, there is little or no difference between the two chief parties of the United States. Apparently, however, the voters hoped for a change of some kind, for there seems to be little doubt that one of the basic causes of the turnover is to be found in the present depressed economic conditions, with their kindred difficulties of unemployment; the Hoover government had been elected upon the crest of a great wave of prosperity, and when that wave broke the Republican Party was left without its most potent vote-getting argument. Those who supported the Democratic Party in the recent elections probably did so in the hope that by abandoning the policies fostered by those so long in power some amelioration of conditions might be brought about; in that case they will probably be deeply disappointed.

That there is need, and the most pressing kind of need, for some immediate action on these questions, is one of the most apparent facts of every day news. In an article entitled "No Money, No Work," appearing in the New Republic of November 19 is given a summary of conditions in many parts of the Union, which are almost staggering in their total. The following is a quotation from this article:

"Wacker Drive is the pride of Chicago—the double-decked automobile speedway which runs along the river bank and carries thousands of cars, quickly and easily, out of the congested district of the Loop. If you had visited Wacker Drive one evening not long ago with me, you might have seen a strange spectacle. The lower level of the Drive is little used especially in the evening; and here, every night, as darkness falls men have been gathering in numbers up to eight hundred or a thousand. With odds and ends of broken wood picked up on vacant lots, they have built themselves small fires, around which they have clustered by tens and dozens to spend the night.

Needless to say, they are ragged and penniless; no one would camp out in Chicago's bitter autumnal weather if he had fifteen cents for a bed—such as it is—in a flop house. Many of these men are hungry; those who have a little food share it with their friends under the rule of the road. As they huddle by their feeble fires, or sit, coat collar turned up or cap pulled



The thirteenth commandment: Thou shalt laugh right heartily at thy professor's jokes.

A red-headed boy once applied a position in a messenger office. The manager, after hiring him, sent him on an errand. Half an hour later the manager was called to the phone.

"Have you got a red-headed boy working for you?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is the janitor at the Oakland Apartments, where your boy came to deliver a message. He insisted on coming in the front way, and was so persistent that I was forced to draw a gun."

"Good heavens! You didn't shoot him, did you?"

"No, but I want my gun back," said the janitor.

Scotchman: "That's a fine building for ye; what do ye think of it?"

American: "Say, that's nothing. We've got hundreds of buildings bigger and better than that."

Scotchman: "Aye, I expect ye have. That's an asylum."

Student (trying to get last Prom. ticket): "You're a liar, sir."

2nd ditto: "Say that again and I'll knock you down."

1st ditto: "Consider it said, sir."

2nd ditto: "Consider yourself knocked down, then."

Professor: "You can realize the great distance of this star from the earth when you consider that the light from it took several thousands of years to get here."

Bright co-ed: "Yes, but the stars only shine at night; otherwise it would have reached here much quicker."

Somewhere or other we read that good men seldom attract, good women never. That explains why we have always preferred attractive women.

Pembinite: "Your French rolls are really far too small. I can put a whole one into my mouth at once."

Florence: "I can quite believe that, but it's not the fault of the bread."

Voice in dining room: "Hey, you, quit reaching across the table; haven't you got a tongue?"

"Did you ever tell that young man that late hours are bad for one?" asked a father at the breakfast table.

"Well, father," replied the daughter, "late hours may be bad for one, but they are all right for two."

Jim: "What are you running for?"

Tim: "I'm trying to catch my breath."

Sambo: "Where you gwine in such a rage?"

"Ah's gwine to get dat doctah what sewed up ma operation wit white thread."

Bessie: "Did you let him kiss you?"

Bea: "Let him! I had to help him!"

Ah me,

They take us all for fools:

The Casseroles

Who, grinning, pass the livelong day

In senseless foolishness—

Such giddiness,

As yet becomes the habitus of silly ones.

Ah well, laugh, clown, laugh!

The simpering face, the carefree gaze,

Serve but to camouflage

That which is deep within,

To fool the world—

But not ourselves:

No glittering cloak can hide the truth that's there—

From us.

Yet—Oh let's be gay,

Be coy—what ho!

Let us be fools, be clowns,

Who cares?

Come, whoop'er up,

Let's go!

Whoop-ee-e-e-e!

low, staring at the blackness which is the river, there is a steady, quiet hum from overhead, where the automobiles skim smoothly along, carrying well-fed men and women from one busy moment to another in their prosperous lives. Wealth on the upper level, hunger and misery below. It sounds, I know, like one of Art Young's cartoons in The Masses; but it is a reality in Chicago in the twentieth month of Hoover prosperity."

This is a striking, but only partial picture of conditions in Chicago, where, according to the United States Census Bureau there are 50,000 men out of work, while according to the estimates of the Bureau of Statistics and Research (which are probably far more accurate) the number reaches 300,000. This picture might be repeated, with variations, in nearly every city in the country. In Boston over \$600,000 more has been spent this year upon unemployment relief than in the corresponding period last year, in Cleveland there are nearly four times as many families depending upon relief funds as last year, in Detroit the number cared for by the Department of Public Welfare has risen from 156,000 to 728,000. Transient unemployed are not helped at all by most cities, who have more than enough to do looking after their own.

While in Canada conditions are perhaps not quite of the same character, the same problem is arising and day by day grows more pressing. While schemes for unemployment relief are of some immediate benefit they can achieve no permanent results. The final cure must be found deeper. It would seem evident to the most casual observer that a system which would permit the contrast offered by the scene in Chicago must be basically unsound and that before any permanent change for the better can take place it must be in some way revised.

## College Opinion

## Sophistication—A Homily

(Editorial in McGill Daily)

The present generation is living in an era of sophistication. On all sides of us we see the youth of today paying honour to the cult of the sophisticated. But what does it all mean; where is it leading us and for what purpose? A definition of the word sophistication tells us that it means to deprive of simplicity, clothe or obscure with fallacies; produce something that is camouflage and not genuine.

With this definition in mind we can see that sophistication means acting a part and obscuring one's individuality. This, indeed, is just what is taking place today amongst men and women. They are forsaking their originality in preference for a tailor-made part. No longer do we see simplicity and tenderness in the majority of the young people, instead they choose to be hard, cruel and supposedly worldly-wise. In this way they have allowed themselves to become stereotyped, so that, no matter where one goes, one can always pick out those who are endeavouring to achieve sophistication.

The typical picture of a modern young lady of the sophisticated cult, is that of a bizarre girl with hair carefully brushed back, exposing the ears, exhaling streams of cigarette smoke through long, slender nostrils with an expression of infinite boredom. She presents a picture of a sour-minded individual who is utterly fed up with the rest of the human race and can see no good or tenderness in the world. And the unfortunate part of it is that a great many of our students can be placed in this category.

In large universities there is no reason whatsoever for a person being bored to death; it is only a sign of laziness. There are countless activities, of which athletics, dramatics, and debating are just a few, in which university undergraduates may interest themselves and find an outlet for the enthusiasm which must exist in them.

Sophisticated people, no matter what they may say, have feelings like their more naive brothers. They love and hate, are stirred to wonder and beauty, hunger and thirst like the Victorian whom they mock, and the living boobies whom they despise. But unfortunately the new lingo and attitude has become a cult. It is now, in the best circles, indecent to be decent, shameful to be shy, offensive to be courteous, suspicious to be simple. The sophisticated even go so far as to say that enthusiasm is a symptom of prolonged adolescence and that to appear bored is maturity.

Why must the young people clothe themselves in this sham, and strive to cover up their originality, when it is admitted that it is the easiest thing in the world to find life agreeable and to live agreeably and naturally. The essence of being adult rather than childish is to cease to be sulky at finding life and existence to be what they are.

## EXCHANGE

## Esperanto

(Xaverian Weekly)

A few words as to the origin of Esperanto will perhaps not be out of place here. The author of the language, Doctor Ludovic Zamenhof, a Polish Jew, was born on December 3, 1859, at Bielovstok, in Poland, a town whose inhabitants are of four distinct races, Poles, Russians, Germans and Jews, each with their own language and customs, often being at open enmity with each other. Taught at home that all men are brothers, Zamenhof found everywhere around him the denial of this teaching, and even as a child came to the conclusion that the races dated because they could not understand each other. Feeling keenly, too, the disabilities under which his people especially laboured, being cut off by their language from the people among whom they lived, as well as being too proud to learn the language of their persecutors, he set himself to invent a language which should be neutral and therefore not require any sacrifice of pride on the part of any race.

In 1887 he published his first book under the title of "An International Language by Dr. Esperanto" (Esperanto means "one who hopes"). The ideal aim of the Esperanto language is: "To establish a neutral foundation on which the various races of mankind may hold peaceful, brotherly intercourse, without intruding on each other their racial differences."

Esperanto is a language intended for international use. It is made up of words found in the leading European languages assembled according to an incredibly simple grammar. The verb has only twelve forms, represented by the following endings which are added to all verbs:

Past—is,  
Present—as,  
Future—os.

## Participles

Active	Passive
int .....	it .....
ant .....	at .....
ont .....	ot .....

Conditional—us, Imperative—u, Infinitive—i. The endings of the other parts of speech are:

## Singular

Nominative	Accusative
Noun—o	on
Adjective—a	an
Adverb—e	en

## Plural

Nominative	Accusative
of	ojn
aj	ajn

The noun, adjective and adverb endings are added to the participles. The accusative adverb is used to show direction or motion. Aa adjective agrees with its subject. This is

the complete grammar of the language.

The number of root words is small, but they are compounded to form complex ideas. You can now, with the help of a small vocabulary, not only read anything written in Esperanto, but also write the language.

In contrast to more than one hundred attempts at international language, Esperanto has attained wide success and developed a literature. There are twenty-eight magazines published wholly in Esperanto. Many of the classics of the world's literature, including the entire Bible, have been translated into Esperanto. Eighteen international societies, representing railroads, police, teachers and musicians use Esperanto as their official language. In Europe it has been found useful for advertising, and many speeches at international conferences are translated into Esperanto.

New Haven, Conn. (I.P.)—Dr. Wilbur L. Cross, elected the first Democratic governor of Connecticut in twenty years at the election last week, is dean emeritus of the Yale University graduate school.

The college professor, known internationally in educational circles, defeated his Republican opponent, Lt. Gov. Ernest E. Rodgers.

London, England (I.P.)—The uproar with which England has received the Labor government's move to discontinue wreathing the tomb of the Unknown Soldier as an aid to "eradication of war memories," was brought to a climax when Rudyard Kipling published a poem bitterly criticizing the move and charging the government with treason.

Stockholm (I.P.)—Dr. Herzberg, Swedish photographic expert, has reported here that he has been able to develop half the twenty photographic films which were found among the remains of the ill-fated Andrée expedition to the North Pole.

Dr. Herzberg declared that the

negatives will enable a number of remarkable pictures to be made, the best of them showing the Andrée balloon after it made a forced landing on the ice.

Mount Wilson (I.P.)—Astronomers at the observatory here have observed a group of spiral nebulae which they believe are travelling at a greater rate of speed than any heretofore watched by mankind.

It is believed that the nebulae are travelling at the rate of 7,200 miles a second, a speed which would carry them around the earth at its surface in three and a half seconds.

The stars are about 75,000,000 light years away. They were located with the aid of the giant 100-inch telescope at the Mount Wilson observatory.

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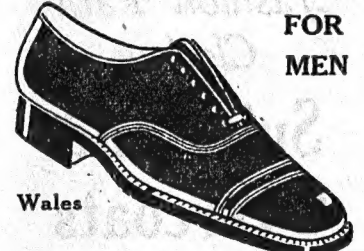


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## The PIG'S EYE



We, and this time the plural form indicates 100,000 Calgarians, are now in the very throes of a movie crime wave. Not only has one theatre box office been robbed and another had the day's receipts taken by safe blowers, but the very diet of the theatregoer has been crime. Murder case after murder case has been hurled at the placid and inoffensive patron until even the most harmless citizens have been seen to skulk out of the show-houses with a look of suspicion. In fact, it's getting so that the dialogue is now audible even in the galleries where formerly the sighs of the love-lorn and the rhythmic slosh of spearmint made all the pictures silent.

Some of the mystery dramas have been fairly good. Some have been fair, with rain in the offing. The majority have been (we quote none other than the famous George Jean Nathan) tripe. And tripe, even with onions, is not a dish for Christmas. "Where were you on the night of June 4th?" bellows the prosecuting attorney. All ham lawyers in the movies are dignified by the title of "attorney." The witness for the defence cringes, possibly he creaks if his rheumatism has been bad lately. We know perfectly well where he has been. He's been drinking bad gin with a lot of prop men back of the lot, wondering how long the star will ham until he has his contract bought up. On and on it goes. The accused woman proves to be the mother of the sweet young thing who is the star witness for the prosecution. The defending attorney is a third cousin by marriage to the mysterious and kindly stranger who turned a riot gun on the police. The judge turns out to be his own grandfather. All right, then, his own uncle and see how you like that! We know who committed the murder. It was dear old Santa Claus.

Recently a benevolent gentleman hailing from the corn belt conducted a series of lectures at a local theatre on "the facts of life." His lectures were extraordinarily well attended and, according to testimony, a goodly number of citizens of both sexes derived benefit from his expositions. But unfortunately he also sold some pamphlets which put in even plainer language some of the high points of the lecture, and accordingly the police, ever the guardians of public morals, took the pastor away in the wagon. We have no desire to comment upon his subsequent trial and conviction for endangering the public morals. But we did wonder at the alarm which was aroused in the official minds regarding his literature. What it was or its effect does not concern us. But after a short perusal made over the shoulder of the prosecution (pardon it please, reporters must live), we came to the conclusion that if the doctor had listened-in on bull sessions in which we have occasionally participated he would have heard a good many facts he hadn't even guessed of. At least we will give the average undergrad credit. He doesn't get wet and clammy when he also discusses "the facts."

At least one thing did impress us. It is high time that the governing bodies took cognizance of the alarming prevalence of misinformation regarding hygiene and kindred subjects. A remarkable bit of work, "An American Credo," was recently published which gave as accurately as the author could the cross-section of the average man's mind. It seemed incredible at the time, but subsequent happenings have proven that the dark ages had little to be ashamed of when the "monkey belt" and other choice areas of salvation and light are considered. —H. D. S.

## GRADUATES

Have you a 1928-29 Year Book? If not—one will be mailed to you for 50c and cost of postage, 25c.

There are yet a considerable number available.

## TO V—

I dreamed that 'way back near the dawn of the world,  
When we all lived in caves, I guess,  
When your dress was a wheat-sheaf, and mine was a fig leaf,  
A fig leaf—er—more or less—  
That I ardently wooed you, and hotly pursued you  
Which process your papa resented;  
Till I caved in his crust with a peach of a bust—  
For a week he was sadly lamented—  
Then I carried you home as a bride of my own  
On kisses and loving to sup—  
Your lips approached mine, it was simply divine!  
Oh, dammit, why did I wake up?

I dreamed that I strolled as a cavalier bold  
In the days of gay Louis XIV,  
And I carried a sword which had frequently bored  
Men who'd dared to make love to my queen.  
I worshipped you often, your glances would soften  
My heart in its stormiest mood—  
When you weren't near, I'd miss you, I wanted to kiss you  
My heart so with love was imbued.  
Then one day I determined to go and be firm and  
With you drain the sweet loving cup—  
We had sipped the first sips—I had just reached your lips—  
And dammit, I had to wake up!

I dreamed of a land that was covered with sand  
And I was the sheik of a tribe  
That galloped and thundered and ravaged and plundered  
And liquors most choice did imbibe.  
On one desert raid I espied a sweet maid—  
She was you, as I learned later on—  
In the heat of the scrap, I scooped her to my lap  
And we galloped away in the dawn.  
As I cuddled your charms in my muscular arms  
And your lips to mine sweetly rose up  
The alarm clock went clang! with a goshawful bang,  
And dammit, I had to wake up!

## L'Envoi

I'm tired of dreaming, of thinking and scheming  
I'm aching for something concrete;  
I long for the bliss as conveyed by your kiss  
Which would be, as I fancy, so sweet.  
If I've ever the chance to put over romance  
In a way that would win me a cup,  
And make love to you, as I really should do—  
Well, dammit, who wouldn't wake up?

—DON Q.

H'EELS WELL FRIED  
LAST SATURDAY

New Fraternity is Formed—Dinty  
Healy Not a Member—Meet  
the Heelnd Laddies

The formation is announced of a new society at the University, to be known to all and sundry as the "Heels Club." Founded automatically as it were at about 5:00 p.m. last Saturday, after various reports which began in April of this year, the purpose of this club, as stated in the "Covenant of Heels," article 29, section 36, is, "to promote and abet futile attempts to benefit the student body at the University of Alberta."

Originally composed of 357 members, the club, shortly before its inception, was enlarged to include Don Cameron, Honorary President, Earl Bowser, Cliff Hide, and Frank Barclay, who have so long been recognized as "heels" that even the ceremony of initiation was dispensed with in their case. Other prominent men rejoicing in the title of "heel" are Alden D. Harding, Healer-in-Chief and President of the Society, Tom Stanley, always a very heliocentric individual, and Scoop Conibear, quondam Honourable Leader of the Opposition to His Majesty's Government. The club also comprises a large number of the fair sex, but with few exceptions these people hope to be able to live it down in time. N. D. McLean, C. R. Cousineau and certain other well-known "Heelnd laddies," wish is to be definitely understood that they are not, never were, and ever will not be members

FEATURE WRITERS,  
NOTE

Feature writers are requested to begin preparation of material NOW for the special edition of The Gateway to be issued December 18.

Poems, plays, and stories should preferably concern Christmas, but need not do so. Please send in contributions at an early date, to prevent last-minute hold-up in publishing the paper.

—FEATURE EDITOR.

## STUDENT'S PARADISE

Over rough waters he had come for miles and miles. He had been coming all his life, facing many dangers. At times he had felt the end very near. But whenever danger had presented itself a light appeared to lead him through safe waters. Now at last he guided his canoe through quiet places. He was approaching a beautiful land. Brilliant, glittering rocks covered the shore. Fields of flowers stretched back from the water's edge. The hum of bees as they piled their way from bloom to bloom told of honey and happiness. Water lilies smiled in sublime rest above his canoe. Everything was still. Peace ruled his mind. A little farther on he saw a grove of beautiful trees. What secrets of joy might he not find there? By hope he was lured on. In time he reached the place. He was about to step onto the shore.

Hush! There were people there already. They were lightly dancing to silent music. He knew them. They were his friends. He saw their happy faces with sunshine trickling through the trees upon them. He was going to join them. Then life would be complete.

Behind him he heard a noise. He recognized it. His death knell was sounding. Life was ended. If he did not put a stop to that terrible racket his friends too would pitilessly be cut down. They were so happy he felt he must sacrifice himself for their welfare. He bolted back from whence he had come. The next moment (7 a.m.) he was fumbling with a clanging alarm clock. —HIP.

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# SPORTS



## Review of Fall Sport Season Rugby, Track, Tennis, Discussed

A Season of Mixed Blessings—Track Success is Big Feature of Year  
Defeats in Rugby and Tennis

Being in what northern airmen would call "the in-between season," let us take a glance backward over the fall sport season, and take stock of our victories and defeats—for we have a goodly number of each.

In rugby, the great fall sport of American universities, we were unsuccessful—if you measure success by cups and trophies. The Hardy Cup adorns the halls of the University of Saskatchewan after its stay in British Columbia last year and at Alberta the year before.

Let us follow through the rugby season. The opening game of the season was in the provincial league. Against the Edmonton Eskis Varsity didn't look very impressive and were shut out by a whitewash, the score being 18-0. The Eskis kept Varsity on the defensive throughout the game. Varsity's line showed decidedly weak. Individually Varsity players looked good, but collectively they didn't pull so well. Coach Morgan rectified this defect before the season had grown much older.

Varsity never has played her best in early season games, and this year was no exception.

In an exhibition game played earlier in the season Varsity provided the Eskimos with half a dozen mainstays to make their attempt to stop the Hamilton Tigers. The Tigers refused to be stopped, but the six Green and Gold men were the outstanding players for the Eskis.

It might well be noted here that two men largely instrumental in bringing the Hardy trophy to Alberta in 1928 were lured to Calgary for this season—the men in question being Fred Hess, star backfield player, and Wally Sterling, Varsity's coach of the past two years.

### Saturday a Field Day

Saturday, Oct. 11, was the biggest day of the sport year for University sport fans, for on that occasion the athletes wearing the Green and Gold won the W.C.I.A.U. track meet, and tamed the Calgary Tigers at rugby.

The rugby victory brought great joy to the followers of the fall sport. Varsity got six points on two drop-kicks by Bill Shandro. The famous Fred Hess was injured early in the game, and put out for the rest of the season.

Calgary was considered the big threat of the Alberta league, and to defeat them so early in the season was deemed to show promise of a record year for Alberta. Unfortunately this prediction was not fulfilled.

On October 15 Alberta played a return game with the Tigers, and were defeated 10-6. The game was played under terrible rugby conditions—a frozen field and low temperature. Play was about even, but the proverbial "breaks" favored the

Calgarians, and injuries claimed Smith, Cook and Shandro, with the result that the Tigers made sure of another provincial championship, as only a few conceded the Eskimos a chance against the Bengals.

Saskatchewan provided the first intercollegiate rugby of the season here, and showed us why they were going to win the Western Intercollegiate championship. They had a well constructed team with a powerful backfield built around Dempster, their star half of the powerful boot. They defeated Alberta 18-2.

**Alberta Defeats Man. 7-2**  
Alberta's first win in the Western Intercollegiate league came at the expense of Manitoba, whom she defeated by a score of 7-2. Alberta's linemen starred in this game, with Thompson and Menzies (yclept the gold-dust twins by A.G.G.) shining the most brightly.

This victory gave Alberta's supporters encouragement. We were now on an even basis, with one loss and one victory.

Our hopes for the Western Intercollegiate championship were somewhat blasted when British Columbia defeated us by a score of 16-1.

This B.C. team was as fine a collection of athletes as it has been our pleasure to meet. They played a hard, clean game throughout, and were gentlemen both on and off the team. We rather wish they had won the championship.

But at Saskatchewan they were defeated, and thus Alberta still had a slim chance of winning the Hardy cup.

### Sask. Defeats Alberta 10-6

Alberta swung on her road trip, and at Saskatchewan suffered a 10-4 defeat. It was a close game, featured by the running of Mickey Timothy and the kicking of Dempster and Ivan Smith.

### Alberta Defeats Man. 18-6

Continuing their trip Varsity downed the Manitoba rugburs 18-6. Manitoba was the doormat of the league, having lost all her games. Alberta had two victories and three defeats, and British Columbia one victory and one defeat.

Thus ended the senior rugby league. Let us take a look at a brighter picture and see what athletes helped put us on the map in field sports.

### Alberta Wins W.C.I.A.U. Meet

Winning both the Cairns Cup and the Rutherford trophy, emblematic of the men's and women's track championship of the western provinces, Alberta demonstrated that on the track, at least, she is supreme.

In addition, Frank Richards and Ethel Barnett won the men's and women's individual championships. The outstanding visiting athlete was McMahon of Sask., who broke records in the mile and three mile runs. Starring for Alberta were Frank Richards, Fred Russell, Wally Smith, E. McCourt, O. Peck, Ethel Barnett, Josie Kopta, and Vada McMahan.

The Rutherford trophy we held last year, but the Cairns cup we wrested from Saskatchewan.

### Interfaculty Rugby

Under the management of Frank J. Edwards, the three-team interfaculty league was successfully staged.

The Arts-Ag-Com team, which went through the regular schedule without a defeat, ran into a snag in the second game of the finals when the Sci-Law players defeated them

## BASKETBALL COACH



BILL SHANDRO

Prominent basketball and rugby player, who will coach the men's senior team this year.

6-1. In the play-off game the Arts-Ag-Com team came through with a win.

The surprise of the league was the weak showing made by the Pharm-Med-Dent team, which is usually right up with the winners.

One ardent wish of many sport followers is that we might see some more equipment given to the interfaculty league—even at the expense of lopping a little off the seniors. Many would prefer to see four interfaculty teams playing reasonably good rugby than one senior team, be it ever so good.

### Tennis

Poor weather conditions spoiled the fall tournament, but the bright light of the season for the tennis fans came when the council opened its purse and sent a team to Saskatoon to compete with the University of Saskatchewan. That institution had lost its stars of last year, but managed to pull out a victory from our squad. Alberta won the ladies' singles and doubles, but lost the men's singles and doubles and the mixed doubles.

Alberta's team was composed of Dorothy Brown, Helen Mahaffy, Vada McMahan, J. T. Cairns and Bill Montgomery.

These are the sports which have been engaging the most interest of the students this fall. But in addition the Varsity soccer team has been playing games against outside teams, and the Varsity Badminton Club has been playing regularly. The Swimming Club has a membership of sixty this year, and the P.T. squad has its devotees.

We are now looking forward to the winter season. There is to be no intercollegiate hockey, but we have a team in the senior city league.

Not since the old days when Louis (Sedan) Coupez used to play centre for the U. of A. squad have we been a real serious menace to the Allan cup contenders, but we're pulling for the boys this year.

A ski or snowshoe club might well be formed this winter to enable all who wish to participate to do so. To our way of thinking, the best sport is that in which the maximum number participate rather than spectate.

## H. MAHAFFY WINS LADIES' SINGLES

Other Matches Yet to Be Completed if Weather Permits

In spite of numerous delays owing to unfavorable weather, the finals in the ladies' tennis singles were at last played off on Sunday, when Helen Mahaffy defeated Dorothy Brown. It was a fast game with good rallies, and a score of 6-3 in the first set and 6-2 in the second.

The ladies' doubles have still to be played off this week-end if the weather is fine. Helen Mahaffy and Dorothy Brown are drawn to play Helen Ford and Mary Barker.

In the mixed doubles last Sunday Dorothy Brown and Art Torrie won two straight sets from Jean Reed and Bill Montgomery.

Jim Cairns and Bill Montgomery had to stop their singles at 6-6 on account of darkness. When this game is played off the winner is to play Lloyd Wilson, and the winner of that game is to play Wes Watts.

Vatican City, Italy (I.P.)—Plans are being made by the Vatican City to place a football team in the European competition this fall.

Because the rules of the International Football Federation prohibit any state playing non-citizens on its teams, members of the husky Swiss Guard cannot play on the Vatican City team.

The players, therefore, are to be drawn from the fire department, the post office and the police force.

## BILL SHANDRO TO COACH SENIOR MEN'S BASKETBALL TEAM

A Successful Season is Predicted In Senior Loop Circuit

The University Spirit and sports-manship of our foremost athlete is especially praiseworthy. Just when it looked as if the best material in years would go coachless, Bill stepped into the breach and added to his already heavy duties by taking over the coaching assignment. When one reflects that he also coaches the girls' team and that he does not receive one red cent for either position, one realizes that this is real sportsmanship. General regret is felt by those who hoped to once more see Bill drop them through the basket, but this being impossible, everyone will be glad to know that his skill and basketball knowledge will still lead the team to victory.

### Men's Basketball

President of Basketball: Cecil Hewson.

Manager of Basketball: Alf McGill.

Coach: Bill Shandro.

Negotiations for the engagement of a professional coach having failed, Bill Shandro has been appointed coach of men's basketball for 1930-31 season.

Last year's captain and star forward is unable to play this year because of an ankle injury sustained in rugby. When we were unable to obtain a coach he consented to coach the team. Under his able tutelage great results are expected.

Practices are now going on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, with twenty to thirty players trying out and keen competition for places, there being two or three candidates for every position. Shandro's task in picking a senior team will be very hard. The team is entering city, provincial and intercollegiate leagues.

### The Players

Last year's regulars are going good, but forced to the limit to hold their places. Unfortunately Mel McKenzie is out for the season with a broken ankle. Mert Keel, centre par excellence, looks to be set for an even better season than last, when he burned up the city and provincial leagues. Carscallen and Fenerty seem to be set to hold down opposing forwards in their usual efficient style. Pullishy will be out in the near future, as his strained shoulder will be O.K. Amongst prominent former stars once more favoring our floor are Ad Donaldson, star forward, and Bobby Brynildsen, guard. From last year's intermediate team, Balour, Kennedy, McGill, Cairns, Miller and Curly Holmes are out and look set to provide lots of opposition for the boys attempting to catch places on the senior team. Craig and Killick, of last year's senior team, are also out and look good.

The situation is very promising in view of the numerous stars coming in with this year's freshman class. To be noted especially is Frank Richards, our famous track athlete, who improves with every appearance, and will likely catch a place. Gordon Keel, of Lethbridge, may catch a place on the forward line and give Alberta its first brothers combination. Wayne Matkin, husky athlete from Magrath, looks like a star. Great things are expected from him.

## VARSITY GIRLS VS. INDEPENDENTS

First Game E.C.B.L. to be Played Thursday Evening in Upper Gym

The first game in the city tournament of senior ladies' basketball under the auspices of the Edmonton City Basketball League will be played on Thursday evening, November 27, at 7:30 p.m., in the upper gymnasium.

The Varsity girls will play the Independents. This should be an interesting game, as the Independents are known to be a strong team. The Varsity lineup will be as follows:

Forwards—Mary Melnyk, Ruth Fry, Helen Ford, Margaret Morrison. Centres—Josie Kopta, Margaret Kinney.

Guards—Ethel Barnett, Helen Mahaffy, Vada McMahan, Barbara Linke.

Merton Keel will handle the game. Students possessing Athletic Books will use for this event the small ticket No. 6 in the back of the book.

Berkeley, Cal. (I.P.)—Since 1926, when he took over the coaching of the squad, University of California football eleven under the guidance of D. M. (Nibs) Price, have won 23 games, lost 12 and tied three. Six of the defeats were in Price's first year at the university.

The ninth annual coaching school at the University of North Carolina had a record enrollment last summer.

There are so many good coaches around now, so many smart ones, who have studied and learned from all the leading teachers of football science, that material (in a team) usually tells the story. And by material you must count in not only quality, but also quantity.—Grantland Rice.

## SPORTING SLANTS

We wonder if subscribers write letters to other publications in the city re the terrible twaddle in their columns. The other night we read about 150 words to get the information that "owing to the warm weather it is doubtful if the senior hockey league will open on Saturday, Nov. 29." Maybe The Gateway isn't so bad after all, for remember the staff isn't paid.

Senior ladies' basketball opens on Thursday, Nov. 27, when Varsity tangles with the Independents.

Now that we've decided not to buy a gym, maybe a few more will invest \$2.50 in the Swimming Club.

The men's doubles tournament was almost completed before the last bad weather—we suggest that, given an open spring, an attempt be made to complete the events.

Bill Shandro has a real job on his hands coaching two senior basketball teams. We wouldn't be a bit surprised if he turned out two winners.

After the popularity which "The Young Man of Manhattan" experienced as a novel, and its success as a talkie, we expected to be flooded by budding young sport reporters seeking

## KEEN INTEREST IN BADMINTON CLUB

Members Looking Forward to Seeing English Players

The Badminton season is well under way now, thanks to the energies of the club executive. The president this year is J. R. Black, the secretary-treasurer Evelyn Shillington, and the treasurer Edith Garbutt. The capacity membership for the club was quickly reached, although several of last year's star players have not returned this year. There is an unusual number of enthusiastic new members—some of them experienced and outstanding players. At the present time a "Ladder Tournament" is in full swing with men's singles, ladies' singles and mixed doubles, and already there have been some hard fought matches.

The members are looking forward to getting valuable pointers from watching the exhibition games of the English players, which are to be held under the auspices of the Edmonton Badminton Club on Dec. 1. Taking into account the enthusiastic spirit of the club and the great promise of some of the players, it seems a safe bet that the Badminton Club will be a credit to Varsity athletics this winter.

ing to emulate Toby McLean. But not a one showed up. If there are any young men (or women) who wish to burst into print in the sport columns we'd like to see them—come to The Gateway office any time.

In Fritz Fridfinson Varsity is getting a thoroughly experienced hockey player and coach. We are eagerly awaiting practices to see the boys in action.

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### Interview Reveals How to Live On Twelve Cents a Day

(Queen's University Journal)  
Prof. Atkins brought up a case which will be of interest to Queens students. It appears that a test was conducted at Billings Hospital, Chicago, to discover how cheaply a grown man could possibly be fed and remain in health. A young intern volunteered for the experiment, and actually lived for six months on a diet of oatmeal and olive oil at a cost of twelve cents per day. At the end of six months he was in perfect health.

Those of us at Queen's who have eaten in boarding houses can easily put ourselves in the place of the intrepid young Med. The boarding house keepers here would have been invaluable to the learned doctors who conducted the test; they would have done it for six cents a day by substituting sawdust for oatmeal and kerosene for the olive oil. Or perhaps they would have merely fed him on hash. That would reduce the per diem cost to four cents. We got into a boarding house once where we had fried salt pork and boiled potatoes twice a day for three weeks. (If you don't believe it ask L. R. Whitcomb.) After that nothing would have pleased us more than to sit down to a good, old dish of the Scotch staple smothered in thick, gooey olive oil. Anyhow, a diet like that wouldn't be so bad; think of the variety you could have! Anyone who has taken Math 1 will realize that by simple figuring in permutations and combinations you could work out a different combination for

### MUCK-A-MUCK

From "Ubyssy," 1922  
How Our Forebears Did It!

### Page the Editor

The Editor sat in his can bottom chair,  
Ran all of his fingers through all of his hair,  
And wildly implored in a voice of despair  
For copy!

Printers and phone were both sizzling hot  
That blankable copy has got to be got!  
We want it right. What we want is a lot  
More copy!"

But still, the reporters all fervently swore  
That they'd got all the news in the country—and more,  
The Editor raved as he traversed the floor  
"More copy!"

The issue is out. Now we hear people tell  
Of a maniac held in a lone padded cell.  
The poor ex-editor only can yell,  
"More copy!"  
—The Ubyssy.

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every meal. For example, you could have hot oatmeal and olive oil for breakfast, cold oatmeal and hot olive oil for lunch and just olive oil for supper. Or you could have just oatmeal for supper, with an oil shampoo for dessert.

The possibilities are boundless, and I would like to write more about it, but I have got to go down to Henry's for a beefsteak with mushrooms.

### This Freedom

By Paravane

("Honi Soit," Sydney University, Sydney, Australia)

The sun shone pitilessly down. Tongues of heat, dense, almost visible, darted through the light breeze, lapping furtively, then boldly, at my face. Across the quivering haze that marked the beach the rollers boomed, their monotone engulfing other sounds. A shame to leave such surf, I thought half-consciously, feeling absent-mindedly in my left-hand trousers pocket for the sixpence I knew was there. Still, one must not be late for one's appointments. Where is that confounding sixpence? Breaking through the veil of semi-consciousness comes discovery. The hole! Yes, the hole through which my last sixpence must have made its escape.

Suddenly, to the eye of imagination, the tramcar across the street seems alive, seems to paw the ground in impatient haste. What a long way one can travel for sixpence. And to think of Meg waiting, indignantly recalling her promise to be punctual this time. Why must one have sisters? Or rather, yes, there's the rub, why must one have pockets? The iniquitous tyranny of pockets, till now unrealized, burst suddenly upon me. The truth about our so-called modern freedom stood revealed. In fact, we are, it would seem, the slaves of pockets.

Everything is dependent upon pockets. How often does one hear the phrase, "I'm sorry, old chap, but my pocket simply won't permit it." Is this then freedom?

Man must have pockets in his clothes. His coats, his trousers must be honeycombed with the loathsome things—even his pyjamas do not escape at least one of them. Waking and sleeping, they keep their incessant watch upon him, quivering only for a few moments at the bath. Even here they leer sardonically at him from a hook upon the wall, knowing well that escape is, for him, impossible.

Does he swim, pockets await him on the beach, sullenly disgorging his cigarettes, and almost snatching them again from his hand. Does he lose anything, sooner or later, he is sure to find it in one of his pockets—abstracted in an unguarded moment. Does he visit a friend, the billiard-table insidiously beckons him, its six pockets, deep and crafty, opening and shutting their jaws in greedy anticipation.

Travelling by sea, the pockets of stewards seem insatiable; in the air, air-pockets lurk to accomplish his destruction or at least his discomfort. The richest minerals, the earth's greatest treasures, lie hidden in pockets from the sight of impetuous men. Truly the happiest days of all must have been the days in Eden—the days before Pockets. Those days, alas, are past; we never knew them, we miserable helots. If one could get to some desert island

"Hello, old chap! Can I give you a lift anywhere? Just been down to the garage for a drop of oil. Oh, before you get in, could you pass me a bit of cotton waste—you'll find some in the pocket there?"

Reykjavik, Iceland (I.P.)—A plan to heat an entire city by piping water from natural hot springs directly into radiators of public buildings and homes was put in operation this summer by this city, the capital of Iceland.

For years farmers and housewives have utilized the springs found in all parts of the country. Now scientific methods have been used to make the unused heat available for city use.

A pumping plant was built at Wash Springs, two miles from here, and three public buildings are being heated this winter, a national hospital, a public school, and a public indoor swimming pool.

It has been found that in the vicinity of hot springs, hot water can be drilled for just as oil is drilled for, and that it can be piped with little loss of heat in transit.

## Limp Lyrics No. 6

### Luke's Lament

To spout one's every fancy,  
Though nothing apropos,  
Is all the craze, in these quick days;  
I'm nothing loath, and so,

If Doctors Jung and Brill  
Are right, this frank confession,  
Through honest rave, at least will save  
My eros from repression.

Females who have thought they knew me,  
Casually or well acquainted,  
Feel themselves obliged to rue me,  
Credit me with what I ain't.

I walk the thorny path of all the  
Disregard and petty spite,  
Yes, those heartless women call me  
A misogynist! 'Taint right.

Just because I'm shy and backward,  
And a little slow to speak,  
Few realize, behind this awkward  
Front, I have a real technique.

Is there a lonely she  
Who yearns to bill and coo?  
If such there be, why shouldn't we  
Unite and twitter too?

—LUKE.

(as lippened to John A.)

### Dreamers

You are the true dreamers—  
Who make your dreams come true;  
But when aught else shall fail  
Will not the dreams still stay with you?  
A little timid and too much hurried,  
With blushing cheek and throbbing heart,  
That wasn't bad for a start.  
You made a date with her.  
The dream did slowly, oh so slowly  
While away the laggard moments;  
Your fancy did grand castles build  
Nor gave you rest. You might have known it.

Before the date did come around  
A hundredth time you saw your dream,  
And every time were overjoyed  
For nothing then important seemed.  
But now, O girl, by some mischance  
The appointment dear was blasted;  
A very beautiful affair  
Had it but only lasted.  
Tho' she could not her promise keep  
It did not so much matter;  
Your cup of life was just as filled  
As if you had succeeded better.  
You are the true dreamers—  
Who make your dreams come true;  
But when aught else shall fail you  
Will not the dreams still do?

—I. H.

### If Jengis Khan, Kublai Khan

In imagination \* \* \*  
Riding with Jengis Khan  
And his slant-eyed Mongols,  
Down on Samarkand \* \* \*

(Proud Kharisimian capital),  
\* \* \*  
Looting, burning, scourging:  
\* \* \*

Spreading, ever spreading,  
\* \* \*

From Karakorum, \* \* \*  
Japan, and far Cathay \* \* \*

To the Burmese empire. \* \* \*  
\* \* \*

Tweaking the nose of the  
\* \* \*

Rough Russian bear—  
\* \* \*

Thence westward to \* \* \*  
\* \* \*

The Teutonic strongholds;  
\* \* \*

Laughing at Latin apathy—  
\* \* \*

Romance! (A durn sight more fun  
than writing free verse for The Gate-  
way, anyway.)

—Union of Gateway Poets.

### To A Forest Ranger

To watch them, guard them, keep them free  
Yours it is to dwell on high  
From ill of man's iniquity.  
Among great giants near the sky,  
Yours it is to ride at will  
O'er mountain range, o'er vale and hill,  
On noble steed that knows full well  
The wide domain wherein you dwell.

You do not have to stay indoors  
And talk to men, and strive for hours  
To make the mighty dollar grow  
In the struggling, bick'ring, scheming show  
Of modern life—as many who  
Reck not the toll of things they do  
On body, soul and happiness,  
And peace for them and theirs—I guess  
They do not understand the thrill  
You get upon your far-off hill,  
Guardian of the Great Outdoors.

I wish my lot in life were cast  
When days of wand'ring youth are past,  
In fields of life as free as yours,  
Where I could toil and live outdoors,  
Where men and friendship both are true,  
Be Captain of my Soul like you!

—X.

### IT'S DUCK SOUP FOR ME

By Wun Gess Hoo

"Gaily the troubadour waltzed around  
the water-butts,  
Singing, 'My loved one, tonight I  
come for thee.'  
Presently a brick-bat fell upon his  
cocoanut;  
The old man was watching him from  
the apple tree."

So sang Tso Lung, the laundry-  
man. One gathers almost immedi-  
ately that Tso Lung was a different  
kind of Chinaman, or at least a dif-  
ferent kind of laundryman; not for  
him the terse "Fine day, uh?" of the  
ordinary washing collector—he went  
so far as to regale his customers  
with song. We are sorry that Tso  
Lung picked on troubadours, cocoa-  
nuts, and apple trees—appurtenances  
of a climate warmer than our own is  
just now; any other Chinaman would  
have chosen something more appro-  
priate, if he sang at all. As we have  
said: Tso Lung was different.

Picking his way down the back  
lanes one Monday morning, mentally  
calculating how many socks the  
Murphy family ought to have for him  
this time, Lung came across an ever-  
alluring spectacle—a yard full of  
ducks. Now ducks mean nests; nests  
mean soup ("nesty stuff, that," says  
the punster). To our friend Lung,  
Canadian-born, nest soup was as yet  
a mystery. He might have forgone  
investigation of his ancestors' deli-  
cacy, however, if a large bird hadn't  
been so indecent as to murmur, in  
his direction, "Quack!"

It so happened that Lung had re-  
ceived sufficient education at Tor-  
onto Varsity, despite suppression of  
free thinking by the Board of Gov-  
ernors, to know the insinuation con-  
veyed by "Quack"—and Lung was  
proud of his washing technique.

"Honorable hen none too highly  
respecting," sighed Lung, somewhat  
Japanese-ically. "Possible that trans-  
position of nocturnal resting place to  
high temperature of boiling pot will  
produce correct sociological reaction

of poultry, in future day." He put  
down his washing, climbed the wire  
fence (latter reacting in incorrect  
sociological manner to trousers seat  
en route), and entered the duck's re-  
sidence ("Tragic error," says student  
of Greek epic. It was, almost.)

Mike Murphy was a policeman. He  
kept ducks. Ducks liked Mike; Mike  
liked ducks. Hence Mike came run-  
ning when Francis, drake, quacked  
for help. Our Chinaman, with two  
nests, decamped with a haste more  
than in keeping with fast modern  
life, catching up his washing as he  
ran down the lane. Mike, carrying  
an excess of avoirdupois, gave up the  
chase early. "So long," called Tso  
Lung.

Arriving home, Lung stoked the  
laundry fire and put on his soup  
pan. He boiled the nests for an hour  
... finally lifted the lid for a sniff,  
and—Shades of Confucius!  
The nests floated intact!  
Mike, to save the ducks work, had  
bought sponge-rubber nests for them.  
Tso Lung was a victim of the age  
of chemistry.

### How to Imitate Composure Upon Your First Flight

1. Prepare yourself by reading dime novels.
2. Be drunk when you go up. Your trembling then cannot be definitely attributed to the flight.
3. Be ready to tell the one about the Scotchman with the wooden leg.
4. When you come down complain of the warmth and fan yourself. Your shaking will then be taken for a fanning motion.
5. Sit down. Your knees will knock less.

But under no circumstances beg to be excused immediately, for one can hardly imagine the conclusions which will be formed in the minds of your companions by such an ac-  
tion.—Ohio State Sun Dial.

### LET US BE SERIOUS

We have been asked to be serious, then by all means let us be serious. But are we condemned to it forever? Must we remain for all time imprisoned in the dungeon of seriousness? May we not some time let the froth of our minds blow off? We have two essays to write. Two essays which, if they are not serious, we would suffer by more than a letter in the columns of The Gateway. Yet after working on these we must turn our attention to something for the "rag", and we can not talk "of sealing-wax, cabbages or kings." We must turn our attention to the staid things of life. We must be serious.

We wonder if "Dr" has considered the dangerous consequences which may result from the pent up of the excess froth, spirits, energy, rot—call it what you like—in these feature writers. They are likely to become howling bolshevists or prating philosophers or something else equally a menace to our civilization.

And another thing—we had an idea, acquired we expect from the eager way in which the students snatch The Gateways, that the people around here rather liked that drive. We somehow thought that they too must become tired of a steady diet of seriousness as met with in the lecture periods and assignments, that they rather liked to read something they could enjoy as being witty, as having a pleasant sound when read, as having as its only prerequisite an entire lack of thought.

But we have been condemned to a prison of seriousness, let us accept our fate.

—KACY.

### YEAR BOOK STAFF NOW UNDER WAY

Executive Urges That Students  
Get Photos in on Time—  
Dec. 12 For Seniors

The big annual task of preparing the Year Book has commenced. The co-operation of all students is asked by the staff. All class pictures can be taken at any time. Do it now, either at the University Studio or an overtown studio. For the convenience of staff and students an Evergreen and Gold box will be placed near the post office. All Evergreen and Gold material is to be placed in this box.

Senior pictures and epitaphs must be taken at once. All senior pictures must be taken by Dec. 12th. Each graduating senior is responsible for placing his or her own picture print and epitaph in the Evergreen and Gold box. The staff will not be responsible for prints left in the University Studio or overtown studios. Prints are to be 2in. x 3in., white border and dark background. The name of the student, faculty and class are to be placed on the print. Epitaphs must be on standard sized white paper, plainly written. It is strongly recommended that the epitaph be written by someone with literary ability. It is also suggested that the epitaph maintain a dignified tone. Do not consult "College

## NOTED LANDMARK TO DISAPPEAR

Well-known Martello Tower on University Grounds Being Torn Down

(Special to The Gateway)

Of especial interest to Agricultural students, but affecting all members of the student body, is the news of the impending disappearance of one of the University's oldest and best-known landmarks. We refer, of course, to the Martello-Tower (known to the aboriginal natives of Alberta as a Si-lo), which until recently reared its stately mass just to the south of the old University barns. Constructed originally in the early part of the twentieth century as a refuge from the ferocious savages which at that time roamed the western plains, this historic landmark has in its day served many useful purposes. Latterly it has been the means of saving many lives as the refuge of terrified agricultural students from ferocious bulls, during the course of animal husbandry labs.

However, the old order changeth, and the coming of new and improved methods in bull-taming have rendered the use of the historic building unnecessary, so it must go.

For a while there was a hope expressed by many students of the Astronomy class that it might be used as an observatory for the purpose of mounting a telescope to observe the stars. Those favoring this plan pointed out that the shape of the tower was admirable, following as it did the general outlines of the other great observatories of the world. After prolonged investigations, however, Dr. J. W. Campbell, of the Department of Mathematics, was forced to report that, while the building had the general outlines necessary for a first-class observatory, the type of construction and certain interior details rendered it unfit for the purpose in view. Notable among these latter was the lack of seating space for a large class in the interior of the building. Hopes have been expressed, however, that a new and improved observatory may be erected in the near future.

It is reported that a special committee has been appointed to see to the placing of a cairn upon the site of the historic structure.

Humor." Epitaphs and prints must be in envelopes with the name, faculty and class on the outside and the word "epitaph" or "print," whichever the case may be. Epitaphs must not exceed 100 words.

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## TOY TYPHOON RAISES ROOFS

**Dastardly Attempts on University Landmarks Characterizes Storm**

Apparently the gods were cross at Edmonton last week-end, and showed their dire anger by letting loose upon us all the winds of the sea and sky. Never had the winds struck such a place to play around in. Signboards and chimneys were knocked over by mere puffs, while many roofs were rearranged to suit the elements. After various stunts overtaken the winds visited the University campus.

The first thing in their mighty path was the broadcasting aerial. Yes,

the winds blew that off its masts. But that's just where they were disappointed. The last time they were around here the aerial hung on until the top part of one of the towers blew over. This time, due to an ingenious weak link, the aerial itself gave way long before sufficient pressure to blow the tower over had been developed.

Rather disappointed at their work on the aerial, they next visited the Medical Building. "Ho!" they cried, "that's a funny looking roof. Let's fix it around a bit." Well, they did manage to get a little tin off there. But who cares about a scrap of tin? Other points on the campus were visited, but with little greater result. Angriest they beat the tar off of the roof of the Extension Building before finally leaving the city.

The aerial was fixed back in position in time for the next broadcast of CKUA, so that no harm was done in that respect. Both the roof of the Medical Building and that of the Extension Building have been repaired, and it is thought by the officials of the University that should such a tornado strike here again, even less damage than was effected on Saturday night would result.

### TRIAL BALANCE October 31, 1930

Accounts Receivable, S.U.G.	\$ 97.60	
Accounts Payable, S.U.G.	\$ 63.95	
Athletic General, Men's	1.55	
Ath. General, Women's	5.50	
Accounts Payable, Contributions		115.70
Athletic Fee Expense	141.50	
Bank of Montreal	22	
Bleachers	75.00	
Constitutions	34.20	
Central Check	21.70	
Debating Society	1.95	
Evergreen and Gold—Accounts Receivable	45.74	
Accounts Payable	8.50	
Surplus	207.89	
Equipment, General	1,327.25	
Evergreen and Gold—Reserve for Bad Debts	100.00	
General Reserve	100.00	
Office Furniture and Equipment	923.60	
Gateway Accounts Receivable	184.84	
Gateway Accounts Payable	9.70	
Gateway Surplus	286.20	
Gateway Reserve for Bad Debts	50.00	
Glee Club	4.00	
Gateway Fees Account	105.00	
Gateway General Reserve		100.00
Investments	605.00	
Interest Reserve	82.90	
Petty Cash Account	1,433.55	
S.U.G. Reserve	405.00	
Rugby Club	753.24	
Rally Committee	10.30	
Reserve for Depreciation, Furniture and Fixtures	291.29	
Reserve for Bad Debts, S.U.G.	50.00	
Surplus, S.U.G.	2,221.74	
Students' Union Administration	268.60	
Social Directorate	25.40	
Suspense	5.09	
Track, Men's	9.85	
Track, Women's	44.54	
Tennis Club (H. Gaetz)	190.00	
U. of A. Trust	1,682.37	
Wauneta Society	510.10	
	\$6,300.28	\$6,300.28

## ENGINEERS HOLD ANNUAL CAROUSE

**The Mac Sees Science Boys in Their Element—Toasts, Program, Features Evening**

Thursday last the Engineering Society held its tenth annual banquet at the Macdonald. The banquet, always one of the stellar occasions in engineering affairs, was well attended, and was appraised by those present as the most successful one held in recent years. D. B. Menzies presided for the evening.

A peppy program was put on by various members of the society after the banquet. Toasts to "The King," "The University" and "Our Guests"

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## WOMEN'S PRESS CLUB HEARS DR. G. LOCKE

**Public Librarian of Toronto Addresses Women's Club at the Mac**

Dr. George Locke, Public Librarian of Toronto, who has been in Edmonton for a few days, addressed the Women's Press Club on Monday night. Dr. Locke has recently returned from Italy, where he represented the American Association of Librarians at the National Congress held at Rome.

"Since Rome was once the center of the world, why can she not be the center of the world today?" is the slogan of Italy. And it is their aim to establish this in the public mind. All Italy is filled with the dramatic. They capitalize history. Scenes from the ancient senate chamber are built into the walls of the rostrum. It was even supposed that a wolf which howled on the hillside was kept there to preserve the legend of the founding of Rome. And surely the shades of Romulus and Remus must have hovered nearby.

The Vatican City develops the historical side. Ancient manuscripts have been brought from eastern monasteries and are treasured in the Vatican. The world's oldest and most valuable books are stored there. It is a resort for scholars. Dr. Locke described the manuscript room, where an old monk was working over a frail parchment which he declared to be a manuscript of St. Mark.

In contrast to this somewhat dusty picture of history, Dr. Locke told of the large, impressive figure which born down upon the visitors with all the pomp and majesty of a king, and the official "taster." The Pope was garbed in homespun.

One cannot even think of Italy without sensing the dominant personality of Mussolini. Dr. Locke gave a vivid description of Italy's dictator. The man whose penetrating, restless eyes seem to see man's thoughts. Mussolini accompanied six members of the Congress through a museum which has just been opened. As they left the museum five silver airplanes appeared—from nowhere, it seemed—and hovered above the dictator as he strode towards his car. When he had stepped into this car the planes vanished. There was

### FRESH CLASS ELECTIONS

Class '34 will elect its officers next week.

Nominations for President, Vice-President, and Secretary-Treasurer, and three Executive members will be deposited with the President of the Union on Monday, Dec. 1, up to 4:30 p.m., at the Union office.

A meeting of the class will be held in M158 at 4:30 p.m. on Wednesday, Dec. 3rd, for the purpose of hearing campaign speeches.

Elections will be held Friday, Dec. 5th, in the basement of the Arts Building, from 9 to 5. Only those who are members of the class are eligible to office and are allowed to vote. The tentative class fee of 50c is payable to the Treasurer of the Union at the Union office during his office hours of the week Dec. 1 to 5.

Members of the class who have spare periods on election day are requested to see the Union President, as help with the voting is required.

were proposed. Dr. Wallace replied to the toast to "The University." Dr. J. A. Allan, K. S. Campbell, and J. Garrett spoke on behalf of the various branches of practicing engineers in the province, and whose representatives at the banquet.

Musical selections were given by Don Fleming. Jim Hunter assisted as song leader, and also furnished a vocal number. Three skits, appropriate and amusing, were put on by members of the three senior years.

Mr. N. D. McLean proposed the toast to "Our Professors," which was replied to by Mr. H. Webb. "Final Exams" with the graduating class starring was the final number on the program.

## MUCH INTEREST IN GIRLS' HOCKEY

**Several Old Members Back—Room For Intermediate Team Also**

Although the girls have had only one practise due to the warm weather they show promise of being away to a good start.

Laura Gourlay, Kay Campbell, Betty Wallace and Mary Cogswell of the old guard were out, and the many new recruits showed an increase in interest and gave ample material for a good team. There is every evidence that this is going to be a great year for the girls.

The senior team is in the capable hands of Manager Mary Cogswell and Coach J. W. Porteous. The captain has not been chosen as yet. The team will not travel this year due to insufficient funds, but they promise plenty of excitement at home with the City Senior League and the annual game with the "Pros."

There is plenty of room for a good intermediate team, although arrangements are not complete at present.

The girls are out to show us some real hockey, so let's make use of our little red books and give them all the support they deserve.

general amazement expressed characteristically amongst the representatives of six different nations. The sane and canny Scot commented: "I don't doubt that was all arranged!"

Dr. Locke also sketched the economic policies of Mussolini, and we learn that there is no unemployment in Rome. Mussolini has rationalized industry. The hill men, who for centuries have been growing grapes, have been transported to a wheat-growing area; laborers in a marble quarry were taken to a better location and temporary camp made for them to begin work all over again.

Thus Dr. Locke discussed some of the most interesting phases of Italian life.

### ACADEMY OF MEDICINE PRESENTS STATUETTE TO THE UNIVERSITY

(Continued from Page 1.)

attempted to produce the representation of the human form. The twelve statues of Nyro, recently excavated in the Acropolis, illustrate the Greek conservatism, a conservatism which was the main factor in the thoroughness of their art. In carving the human form they followed the well-tried path: had but one simple model which, however, was made delightful by their highly developed artistry. The Greeks were essentially idealistic. They deified man and initiated a system of sculpture wherein they reproduced in stone not the actual figure of man, but their conception of the perfect form. Physiognomically, anatomically and even in the matter of drapings, they carved the ideal and not the real. Professor Burgess continued to draw the analogy between the study of athletics by the Greeks and that of Tait McKenzie, and concluded by drawing the attention of the audience to the grand, revivifying touch of the Greek art exhibited in "The Athlete" and the noted Canadian sculptor's other works.

### Medieval Sculpture

Speaking on "Medieval Sculpture," Professor Adam of the University, pointed out how sculpture was generally memorial, with a religious motive always underlying it, but having various expressions. In medieval times sculpture reached its zenith, and might, like architecture itself, be justly termed "frozen music." The contrast between Greek and medieval sculpture lay in the fact that, whereas the former gave expression to a mood, a conception of human form, the latter attempted to produce a reproduction of the mystery of life, something beyond the personalities of the sculptors. Again, the Greek Pagan religion, a cycle of poetic concepts imbuing a constant desire for idealistic beauty, would naturally find an expression in art different from that of the Christian religion which regarded the human body as sinful. The characteristic of medieval sculpture was unaffected simplicity, effectiveness, whereas Greek sculpture was always recognizable by its repose, serenity and breadth. Medieval sculpture was nevertheless a mere accessory to medieval architecture. Michael Angelo revived the glories of classic sculpture and, in reality, was an age to himself. Since his time there has been no great age of sculpture, painting and literature being more suitable vehicles by the widely varying modernistic interests.

### Modern Sculpture

Major Woodbury delivered a very interesting paper on "Modern Sculpture." The speaker drew attention to the modern note which embodied an abandonment of the former allegiance to the classical method of accomplishing things. It displayed emotion within limits, texture, some suggestion of colour, greater freedom of outline and bolder types, while it was naturally embellished with modern parts and accessories. The lecturer mentioned such great sculptors as Alfred Stevens, Boehm, Rodin, Gilbert and with them, the Canadian genius, Tait McKenzie.

Dr. R. G. Douglas, chairman of the meeting and President of the Edmonton Academy of Medicine, thanked the lecturers, and after remarking on the splendid service of the Provincial Laboratory and the facilities for research offered by the U. of A., presented the bronze to Dr. Wallace.

Replying on behalf of the University, Dr. Wallace expressed great pleasure in receiving the statue. He drew attention to the necessity for a close bond of friendship between the University and the professions into

whose ranks university students were to enrol themselves. The significance of the presentation of a reproduction of radiant health by the Academy of Medicine was one of real import. We were approaching again a desire for beauty like the Greeks and emerging from a dark era of tawdry industrialism into the light of a more elevated conception of life. The statue, an emblem of the ideal of beauty, would stimulate these higher ideals in the minds of all students of the Varsity who saw it, thus hastening the resuscitation of aestheticism.

During the evening Dr. Orr read a telegram from Dr. Tait McKenzie, at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, which ran:

"To the Edmonton Academy of Medicine: Greetings and best wishes from Dr. Tait McKenzie, whose letter is on its way."

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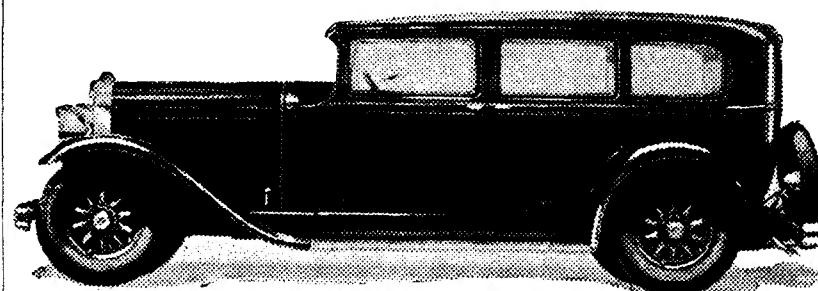
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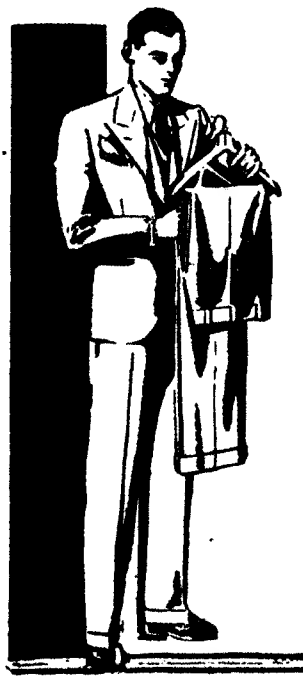
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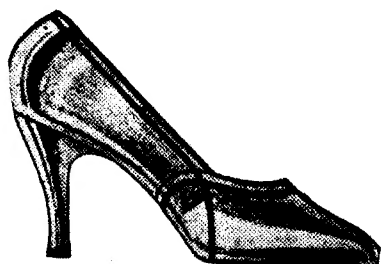
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